

There's a place that's really blessed over other spots of earth. 'Tis that far-off in memoryland where first love had its birth. And there are times—long hours, perhaps, long after day has fled—When men look back on their mistakes, and women have their dead; And then may come some faded face, and in the twilight's shine, Recall the age of poetry—and of the valentine.

The simple rhymes we scribbled then return in plain review—Some couplet old about "the rose is sweet, and so are you," And never message was so fraught with dozing tenderness, And never heart set throbbing with such strangely-sweet distress; And all the world, I well recall, to my eyes shone divine When off to 'Lisa stealthily I sent my valentine!

We seldom wed our earliest love, but though we drift apart, A little grave is rounded up—the first one in the heart. And, 'Lisa, whoso'er you be—if prised by other eyes, Or if beneath the fresh, green grass, beneath the old blue skies— I wonder if you sometimes dream, as does this heart of mine, Of other days, and fairer ways, and of the valentine? —Will T. Hale, in Cincinnati Enquirer.

TWO VALENTINES.

IRMA B. MATTHEWS.

"I THINK," said Clyde Hollister, "there is not another boy in the United States as mean as Roger Wilcox." He said it rather defiantly and then looked up to see what answer his mother might make.

"Well," said she, "what has Roger done to be called the worst boy in the United States? That is an ugly charge, my son."

"Why, mamma, he cheated to-day when we were playing marbles and took one of mine that he had no right to, and when I told him of it he got mad and called me names."

Clyde's eyes were flashing.

"Did you tell him kindly, or did you twist him of it? What did you do when he called you names?"

Clyde hung his head. The memory of what he had done somehow did not seem so nice when he came to tell about it.

"I—why, mamma, I called back some, but he began it."

"Were you sure, dear? Cheating is not a nice thing to accuse a friend of. You should be very careful."

Mrs. Hollister sighed. She knew her boy had a quick temper, and now it seemed likely to get him into trouble. As the weeks ran along and no more was heard about the trouble, she began to hope it had been dropped, when one night Clyde came home and breathlessly declared he should never speak to Roger again.

"Another quarrel, my son?"

"I never did like him; he is so mean; and to-night he had to mark my spelling lesson—you know the teacher has us mark each others' lesson—and he answered imperfect for me, and I know I had all of the words right."

"But he was mistaken, perhaps, or you were. Did you ask him about it?"

"Yes; and he said that I spelled caterpillar with an 'i' instead of an 'e.' I know I did not, and I know he just did it to get the prize, and I told him so."

Mrs. Hollister was distressed, and the next evening when he brought home one of the meanest of penny valentines she thought the time had come for her to act. She talked seriously with him, and tried to show him how wicked such a spirit was.

"If you will treat Roger well, he will you; and if he does not, you will have the consciousness of doing a good act. If I were you I would send him a pretty valentine and see what the effect will be. Never be guilty of sending such a thing as that."

It took some time to convince him, but at last Clyde consented to do as his mother advised, and they went together to select the valentine. It was very faint, covered with lace and flowers, and bore the following words:

"Friendship is half human, half divine. I wish that you were a true friend of mine. I fain would clasp thy hand and say: Friends now, henceforward and for aye."

"There," said Clyde, "now we will see, mamma, who is right, you or I."

The next day was Valentine's day and in the evening Clyde came in with flushed cheeks. Holding up a valentine he exclaimed: "There, mamma! There is the kind of a boy you wanted me to be friends with!"

His mother looked at the cheap, gaudy picture and answered: "That is only what my own boy wanted me to allow him to do; and you must remember, my dear, that Roger has no mamma to tell him better," she said gently.

Clyde did not speak for a minute, then he said: "I did not think how it would look to him. I will never send one to anyone, mamma, never. It makes you feel so mean to get it."

He had just finished speaking when there came a rap at the door and Roger entered.

"It is too mean!" he exclaimed, as he saw the valentine still in Clyde's hand. "I have been mean all of the time, but never meant it, and then when I got this valentine—I never got a pretty one since mamma died."

The young voice broke and tears sprang to the bright blue eyes.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Hollister. Oh, how glad he was that he had not sent the motherless boy the valentine he had intended.

"Will you be friends with me?" asked Roger as he held out his hand.

"Henceforward and for aye," said Clyde, as he clasped it—and they were.



On Feb. 12, ninety-six years will have passed since Abraham Lincoln, considered by many the greatest figure in American history, came into the world. It is an old story, the life of Abraham Lincoln, yet an ever fascinating one. To the younger generation Abraham Lincoln has already become a half-mythical figure, which, in the haze of historic distance, grows to more and more heroic proportions, but also loses in distinctness of outline and feature. This is indeed the common lot of popular heroes. As the state of society in which Abraham Lincoln grew up passes away, the world will read with increasing wonder of the man, who, not only of the humblest origin, but remaining the simplest and most unpretending of citizens, was raised to a position of unprecedented power in our history; who was the gentlest and most peace-loving of mortals, unable to see any creature suffer without a pang in his own heart, and suddenly found himself called to conduct the greatest and bloodiest of our wars; and who, in his heart the best friend of the defeated South, was murdered because a crazy fanatic took him for its most cruel enemy.

It is almost needless to rehearse the events in the life of this illustrious hero. He was born in what is now LaRue County, Ky., on Feb. 12, 1809, and all readers are familiar with his early life in that State and in Indiana and Illinois, his career as a rail-splitter, soldier in the Black Hawk War, as student, storekeeper, postmaster, surveyor, lawyer and statesman.

As time passes the character of Lincoln becomes mellowed and almost sanctified by the growing generation. From every side at which we are called to look upon his character we see something noble. He is small nowhere.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

The Custom of Celebrating It in the Public School is Extending.

The custom of celebrating the anniversary of Lincoln's birth by appropriate exercises in the public schools is extending as time reveals more distinctly the magnitude of the work Lincoln wrought, the true proportions of the man and the fundamental character of the principles he exemplified.

It is a notable fact that in all the lists of the ten greatest men of the century the world has produced Lincoln's name is found near the head in all and foremost in many. The entire world now recognizes his greatness. Not alone in mind was he great, but in heart and character. He was typical of the American idea of equality of opportunity. He was in the fullest sense a self-made man. Not merely that he heaved for himself a pathway from obscurity to the highest civic honors. Other men have done that. It is that he formed for himself a character upon which his fame was builded. Born to abject poverty, to neglect and abuse, the miseries of his childhood and the sorrows of his youth deepened the shadow with which his spirit was endowed by a wretched mother. Reared in backwoods settlements, with the advantages of only one year of regular schooling, pursued by adversity until he reached almost the prime of life, his strength of mind and heart conquered every obstacle. He was born to a heritage of gloom, but he was a capital companion and a good story teller. His quaint humor and wit were due to strangely original and sometimes grotesque intellectual perceptions and to a marvelously fertile fancy. He indulged these faculties as much by exercise of will in order to throw off the depression which weighed upon his own spirit as for the purpose of affording enjoyment for others. In his later years, when cares of state almost overbore him, the relief afforded by this relaxation is said to have averted utter collapse. In the most serious crisis he would make some quaint remark or tell an apposite story that would cause a laugh, and would immediately relapse into profound melancholy. But he did not obtrude his gloom upon others. He was always companionable in social intercourse. He was the soul of honor, scrupulously clean in his life and had a great, tender heart, pulsating with sympathy for every creature in distress. He could not bear to see anything suffer. Other men have been admired for their intellects or honored for their achievements. Abraham Lincoln was loved for his great heart, human sympathies and sorrows. He yearned for peace on earth, good will to men; he agonized over the horrors and savagings which war entailed, but governed by an unflinching sense of duty, his hand would carry him through every trial. There was not a moment during the four years of fratricidal strife that he was not ready to hold out the olive branch if

thereby peace and union could have been secured. Destiny had foreordained that the arbitrament of arms should settle the questions at issue once and for all, and Providence raised up Abraham Lincoln, mighty of mind, mightier still in the power of common sense, strong in resolve and tender of heart, to be the ruling spirit of the times, to temper firmness with mercy. There was not a drop of blood of hatred in Lincoln's body. During the feverish days of the Civil War he was one man whose motives were never questioned, whose wisdom was trusted, whose strength never failed, whose ear was always open to appeals which his heart was only too ready to grant.—New York Ledger.

St. Valentine's Day Again in Fashion

St. Valentine, who for so many years has been presiding over a very odd shrine, is about to be brought back heartily into fashion, and sniff the sweet savor of maidens' prayers and sacrifices on his altar. There are to be dances in his honor and rites observed appropriate to his day. Red roses are to be worn by enthusiastic girls for the full twenty-four hours over which he has dominion, and those who confidently expect the kind saint to give them a glimpse of their future husbands must follow these curious processes. They must lie them to bed one hour before midnight, carrying a taper only as a light, and never casting a glance to left or right, but looking straight before, put out the taper on entering their bedrooms. On the threshold they must unbind their hair, wash their hands in rosewater, and, standing before a mirror, slowly eat a crisp seed cake baked in the shape of a heart. This done all in the dark and making sure never to retrace a step, they get to bed and to sleep with all dispatch; for if they can dream before midnight the vision will present the form and features of the future husband. There are cotillions set for St. Valentine's eve, when all the favors will be emblems suitable to the season, and a blindfolded debutante, personifying love, will distribute to each man a little red silk heart. On one side is to show, in small gilt lettering, the name of the young woman with whom he must dance the figure; when she presents it he will stick through the silk leaf a narrow pin of gilt and fasten the heart to the left side of her bodice.

A Prophecy Now Happily Fulfilled.

I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic cords of mercy stretching from the battlefield and patriot grave to every loving heart and hearthstone all over this broad land will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.—From Lincoln's Inaugural.

WAR PREPARATIONS CONTINUE ON ENORMOUS SCALE.

MAKE ADDITIONS TO NAVY

ADMIRALS TOGO AND KAMIMURA SOON TO SAIL SOUTH.

Blockading of Vladivostok One of Early Possibilities—Battle of Magatama Probable on Shantung River.

LONDON.—The Daily Telegraph's Tokyo correspondent says that Japan is making enormous war preparations. Besides immediately laying down a battleship of 19,000 tons at Yokosuka, and the contemplated building in Japan of a 12,000 ton cruiser, large additions to her torpedo and submarine flotillas and two cruisers have already been started building at Kure. All future ships will be heavily armed but guns below the ten-inch will be discarded. The fifth army is being organized under command of Lieutenant General Kawamura, the correspondent says, who is calling out more reservists. Conscripts are expected. All men under forty years of age are being drilled. The blockading of Vladivostok is imminent. A fleet of cruisers is leaving for the south, and Admirals Togo and Kamimura will follow with battleships. Three cruisers and several torpedo boat destroyers are in the neighborhood of Borneo. A division of troops has been landed in Formosa.

It is now evident that the cruiser Takasago was lost. The names of her crew, from the commander down are now officially published as killed. Negotiations continue for the purchase of a Chilean cruiser. Fifteen new submarine boats will be provided this year. Ten recently arrived under control of American instructors.

The Daily Telegraph's St. Petersburg correspondent asserts that General Kuropatkin has telegraphed to the emperor that his offensive power is seriously hampered by the obstinate reluctance of his troops from the European provinces to advance against the enemy. Whilst the Cosaks and Siberians are full of cash the Europeans argue that now that Port Arthur has surrendered there is no object in continuing the war.

GENERAL KUROPATKIN'S HEADQUARTERS.—A heavy and continuous artillery roar has been heard to the westward all day. Apparently the largest engagement since October is being fought. Reports received here are to the effect that a Russian force has crossed the Hun river on the Japanese left wing. A Japanese force advanced against the Russians, making an attack.

The fighting must be attended with great suffering from the cold. A snowstorm began Monday, following a long period of remarkable mildness. The temperature is below zero and the plains are covered with several inches of snow. The ground is too hard for rapid trenching. Today's move by the Russians is the first important one since General Mischechenko's recent raid.

The military attaches who spent a week at Port Arthur have returned. While at Port Arthur they were permitted to visit the forts and to take photographs freely. Colonel Macpherson, the British medical attaché remained at Port Arthur to study the scurvy, of which there are thousands of cases reported to the hospitals. Prince Anton von Kar also spent several days at Port Arthur and Dairen.

TOKIO.—The Japanese seized the Austrian steamer Burma, off Hokkaido Island at 9 o'clock. She has a cargo of 4,000 tons of Cardiff coal on board and was bound for Vladivostok.

Commends Commission's Work.

WASHINGTON.—President Roosevelt transmitted to the senate the final report of the commission on international exchange, with a letter from Assistant Secretary of State Louis C. Loomis commenting on the report. In his message the president says: "I transmit herewith the final report of the commission on international exchange, as submitted in compliance with the requests of the governments of China and Mexico.

SAID TO HAVE BROKEN THROUGH OYAMA'S LEFT WING.

Offensive Movement On Both The Flanks, Threatening Japanese Communication—Ideal Campaigning Weather

ST. PETERSBURG.—According to reports current in military circles General Kuropatkin has broken through Field Marshal Oyama's left wing and threatens his communications with Yankow. Whether or not the report is true, the Associated Press learns from a high military source that General Kuropatkin has undertaken a general offensive movement on both flanks with the object of threatening both lines of Japanese communication and forcing the Japanese from their winter quarters. The informant of the Associated Press said:

General Kuropatkin decided that General Oyama's position could be turned westward from the plateau. The advance has absolutely no connection with events in European Russia. If as has been reported, the Russians have already succeeded in piercing the Japanese left, they doubtless will be able to reach at point west of Liao Ling, in which case the Japanese will be outflanked. A similar movement southward from Bentshapuzhe will strike the Japanese line of communications toward the Yalu. Although cold, the weather is ideal for winter campaigning. The ground is hard and the rivers frozen solid, making the handling of artillery easy.

No further official news was received from the front Saturday night. General Kuropatkin has some thing short of 30,000 men and over 1,100 guns, including a number of six-inch, in position. The troops engaged on the right, in addition to General Mischechenko's and General Rennenkampf's cavalry are believed to be principally Siberian and part of the first European army.

Opinions differ here as to the significance and importance of the movement undertaken by General Kuropatkin. It is very difficult to ascertain the truth. Many persons are inclined to believe it is a grand offensive movement against the Japanese with the object of forcing them out of their quarters while others look upon it as being a more or less serious operation undertaken upon orders from St. Petersburg to draw the attention of the people anew to the theater of war. In the meantime the general staff maintains reticence regarding the plans of the commander in chief. All dispatches from Russian correspondents at the front foreshadow a big and bloody battle of a decisive character. They tell of arrangements for the receipt of an immense number of wounded, not only at Mukden, but as far back as Harbin, and speak of a general engagement in which almost a million men and 2,500 guns were to be involved, and say that the importance of the engagement will overshadow the battles of Shakhe river, and Liao Yang. Rumors already flying about of defeat and victory. Success, they all admit will be of immeasurable value to the government at this juncture while disaster would only serve to complicate the situation and render the government's position still more difficult if not critical.

The general staff has received the following dispatch from General Sakharoff, General Kuropatkin's chief of staff:

"Our troops continue on the offensive at Sandepas. South of there our cavalry encountered four Japanese battalions and six squadrons of cavalry advancing from Helikoutak. The Japanese fled, throwing their arms into ambulance wagons. One of our columns took thirty prisoners and another captured twenty."

A telegram from Chansiamatum says the Russians lost forty-five officers and 1,000 men killed or wounded at the capture of the village of Sandepas January 26. The Russians took 102 Japanese prisoners besides arms, wagons and ammunition.

Condition Of Prince Eitel

BERLIN.—The physicians in attendance on Prince Eitel issued a bulletin at 8 o'clock saying that the prince's temperature ranged from 103.6 to 100.7; that his pulse was strong at ninety and that he had re-acted respirations. During the evening Prince Eitel's respiration was somewhat more difficult and his cough increased.